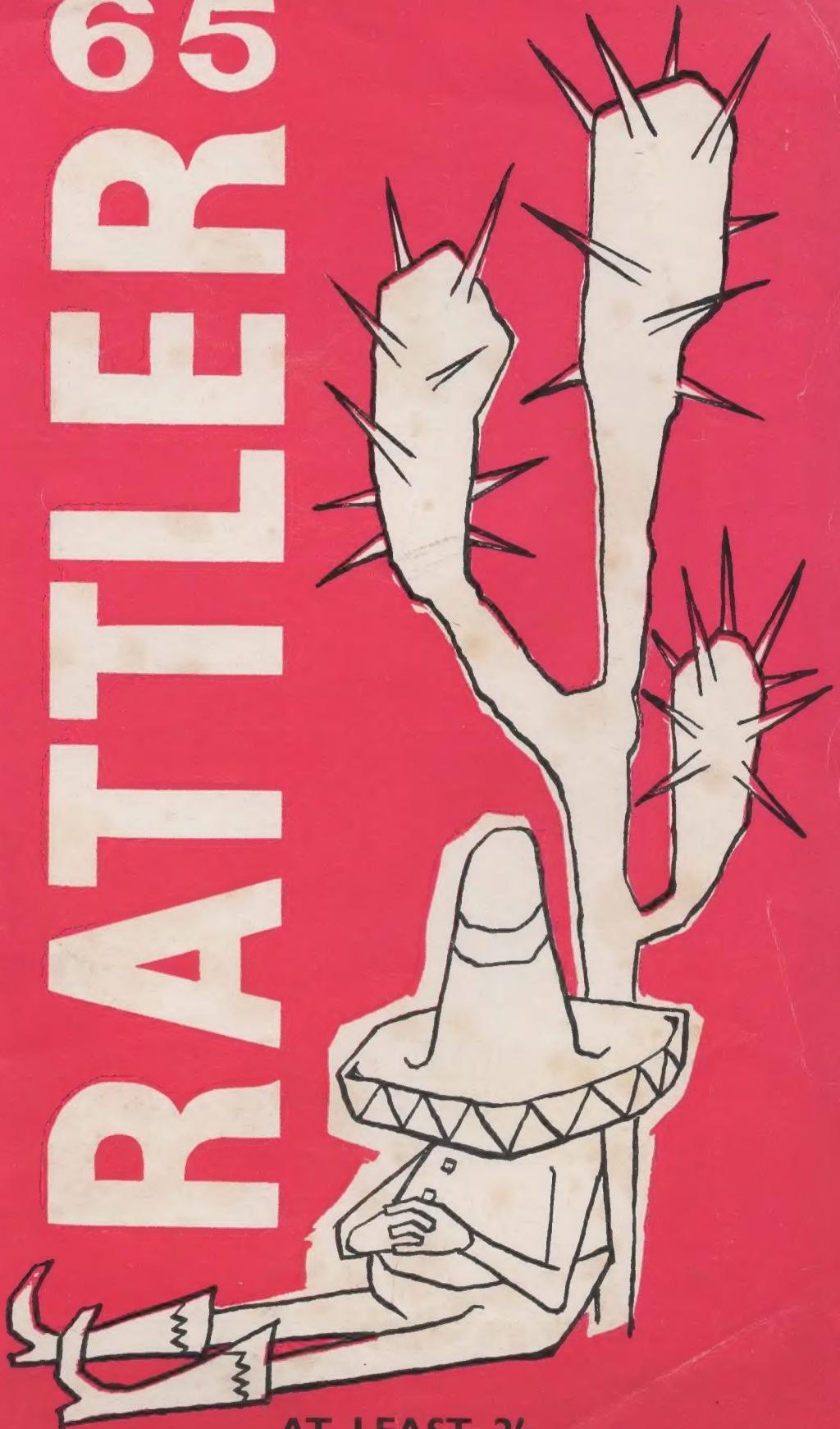


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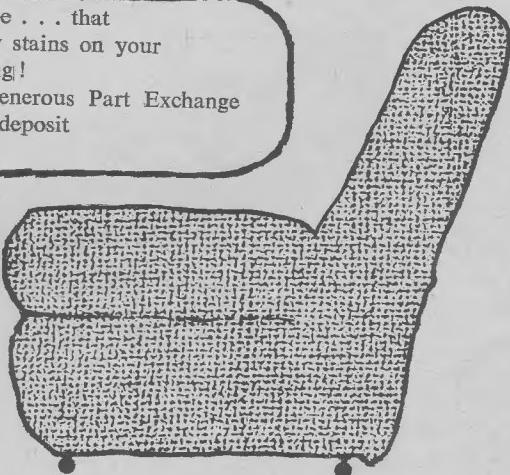
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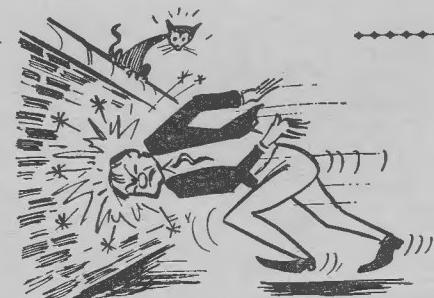
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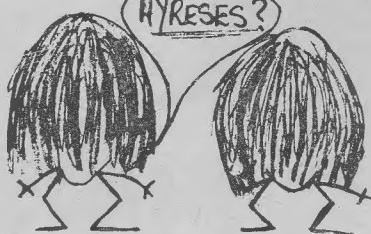


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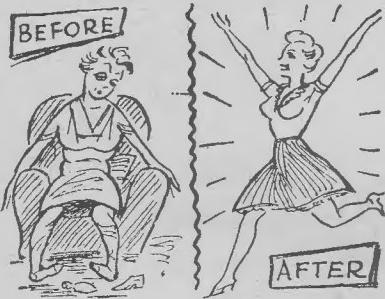
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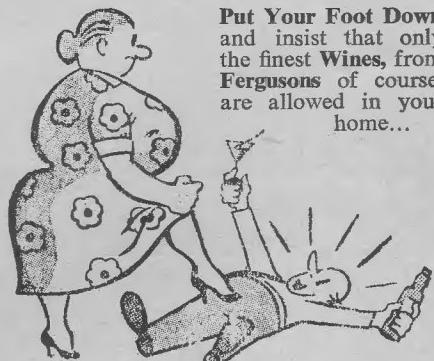
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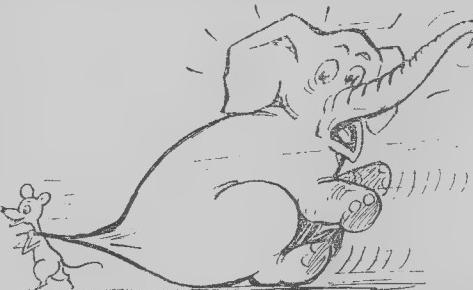
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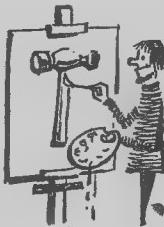
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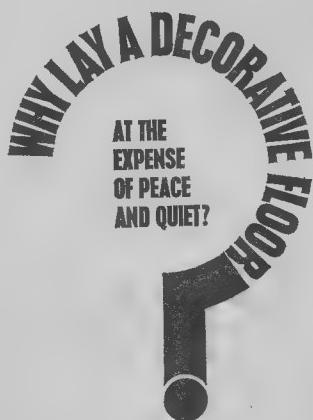
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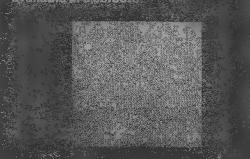
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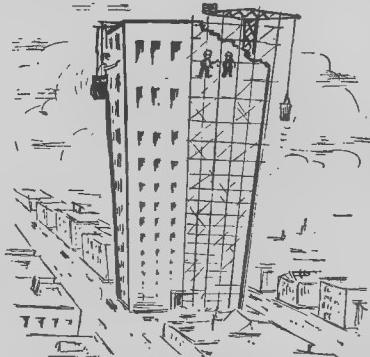
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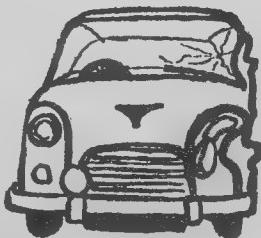
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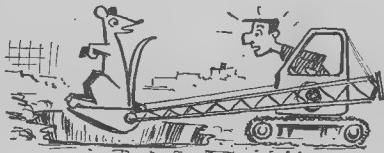
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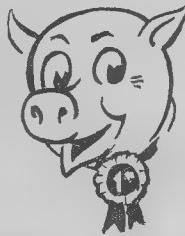


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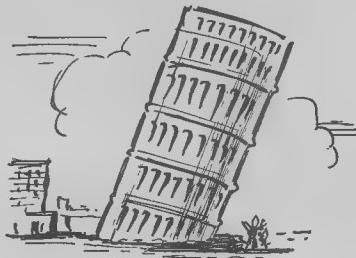
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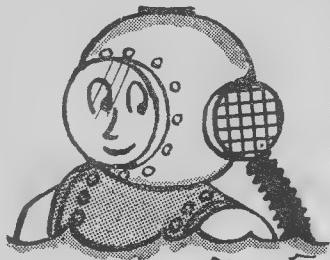
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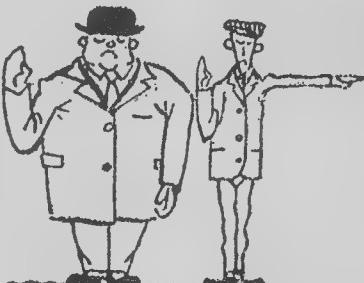


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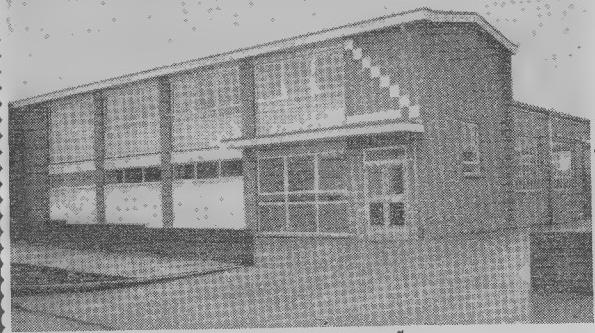
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Editorial

SALUDOS AMIGOS!

Like the Mexican theme—not to mention my inexhaustible bottle of Tequila—is taking its effect. Amigos, you are bound to be proud that you possess this years' Rag Mag. Why so? Secret agents from the ASA (the Aztec Society for the Abolition of Incas) have already hi-jacked the last lorry-loads of Rattlers. For why? The Aztecs want to use them as revolting literature in their campaign against the Incas. They figure that this years' Rattler will link up with their other cannibalistic literature, such as "Drink a Pinta Inca Day—it soon makes you write." So amigos, feel proud. This copy of Rattler is a rarity.

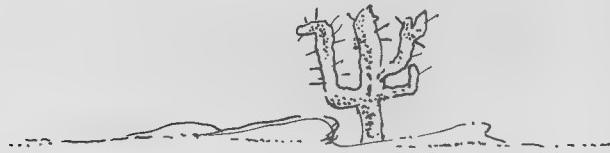
But now friends, after my successful canvassing for a place in the Mexican Nut House, I add the real reason for this magazine.

For the past five weeks and more, a lot of students have spent a lot of time ensuring that the townsfolk of Reading are left with pleasant, amusing memories of the Mexican Rag. We ask you to remember that the money which you give is not going to those of us who have, but through us to those who have not.

We have given more time than we can afford. Please give as much money as you can !! We trust that once more your good natures will shine upon our conniving, conning and cadging. Your welcome contributions will be put to good use in the aid of Children's Charities.

Yours faithfully,

The Editor



... Editor ...



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS and THANKS to:

BOB MONKHOUSE, MORECOMBE and WISE, MIRROPIK, GILES and the DAILY EXPRESS, TED RAY, NORMAN VAUGHAN and SID JAMES for their professional help.

CLIVE, JANET, and PETE MANSFIELD whose help was by no means "amateur," and who saved this magazine between them.

TREVOR MILLAR, CHRIS GODLEY and RICHARD WESTBROOKE who dealt with all the photographic problems. Mr. DAVID R. GOODEY of FOXHILL RIDING STABLES, READING A.F.C. and the READING and BERKSHIRE CHRONICLE who have all played a part.

STUDENT ENTERPRISES, LTD., our advertising contractors, especially Mr. Cross whose advice was indispensable. MESSRS. LEYLAND PRINTING CO. our printers in Lancashire.

The Vice Chancellor, H. R. PITTS, Esq., BA., Ph.D., FRS., for his valuable advice.

THE MAYOR of READING, and finally everyone who found the effort and time to drop contributions in my letter-rack.

Please read this folks. Its important too.

*A letter from the
Vice Chancellor*



Now that Rag Day is once again upon us, it is a great pleasure to join the Mayor in making an appeal to the citizens of Reading for their traditionally generous response to the efforts that the students will be making on behalf of the Children's Charities, in which they have shown such a deep interest over the years.

If past Rag Days are any guide, the methods used to extract hard-earned cash from all our friends and neighbours will be forceful, ingenious and difficult to evade; but the traditional good-humoured tolerance shown by the people of Reading on this students' and children's day has proved that the more we all enjoy the show, the less painful the extraction and extortion becomes.

So please give more than you can afford!

H. R. Pitt.



.... and the Mayor



It is with great pleasure that I am accepting the Editor's invitation to write a message for the "Rattler."

The Reading students' Rag has come to be a landmark in the life of the town, a day when the gay costumes and infectious gaiety of the students relieve the drabness of the winter and when the citizens can view with tolerance the student body "letting its hair down." In the past local children's charities have benefitted greatly from monies raised by students of our University and I hope this year citizens will be even more generous in their response to their appeal and that a record total will be raised for these charities.

May I wish the organisers of Rag Day every success and the "Rattler" a record sale.

*Alexandra Sturrock,
Mayor.*

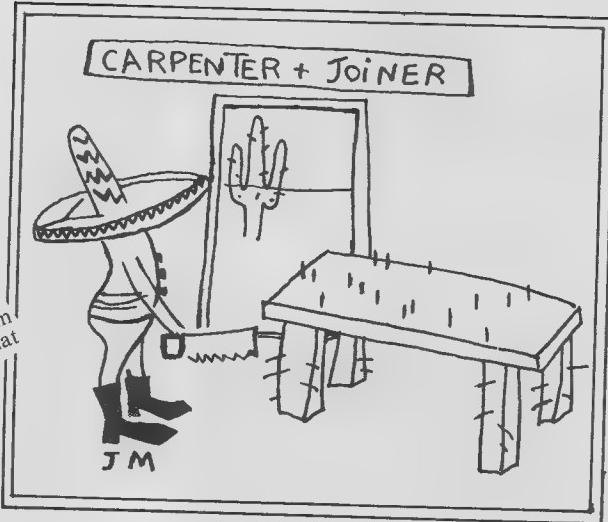
GIVE. PLEEESE GEEVE.

Pepe, he reach ees school one morning.
He carry big brown paper bag which
appears to be leaking. "Teacher," he say, "I gotta present
for you."

"And zat ees?" she say.

"You guess," reply Pepe.
So, teacher she put her finger on wet
bottom of ze bag. Then she taste finger:
"Ah, ees orange juice, no, Pepe?"

Teacher she put her finger once more
into wet part of ze bag and tasted it.
"Aha! ees jam!"
"No," teased Pepe. "Try again!"
"Hi-yi-yi!!" exploded teacher, "I'm
seek of guessing You tell me what
eet ees?"
"A leetle puppy, teacher!"



Man: Do you keep dripping?

Butcher: Yes.

Man: Awkward, isn't it?

C A R A M B A !

Two Mexican Peons (peasants) met each other
one day in the street. "Buenas dias, Carlos" said
the taller. "Deed you know zat I 'ave a dog who
can play ze poker"

"Eh, zat is mucho clever, Juan."

"Not so my friend. He smile every time 'e 'ave
a good 'and."

Last year Rattler told you about the dwarfs in the
bath feeling happy. Well happy got out. . . No
wonder they started feeling grumpy afterwards.

A well-known accountant was thrown
out of heaven for haddling with the
plots.



OLE

DAGO

READING á la MEHICO

SALUD



(By courtesy of *Reading and Berkshire Chronicle*)

where being overpowered by the smell of "chocky bickies" pervading Reading they were unable to advance further.



FIG. 1

There settlers from Kippapappapeppel soon introduced their own favourite sports—notably bullfighting. When the mighty toro was dead, its noble carcass was sold to the kitchens of the halls of Residence of the University. Thus today, when you ask a student a simple question, all you get is a mouthfull of bull. The original Mexican bull was in no shape to withstand the English weather. Over the years the bulls became tougher and "steeded" themselves against the climate. In FIG 1 we see such extra-tough bulls at the Reading bull-ring.



FIG. 2

In such a bustling metropolis as Reading, progress and expansion play key roles.

Fast and comfortable travel to that world-famous sink LONDON is essential. A nearby motorway has been named the "Mexican 4" in honour of the invaders. IN FIG 2 we can see some of the many big asses that are to be daily seen on the M4.



FIG. 3

The zeal for vigorous physical exercise (especially when done by others) has always been a characteristic of the Manyawner men of Mexico. Their passion for sport is incredible. Football is a religion. They each have their own ambitious dreams of success in soccer. In fact, football is the object in many of their goals. Similar unconstrained enthusiasm is not extant among the English Readingites for football or the bulls. The reason is the same in both cases—they charge too much !! Here in FIG 3 we see a typical fervent spectator, jostled by the crowds on a Saturday afternoon.

contd.

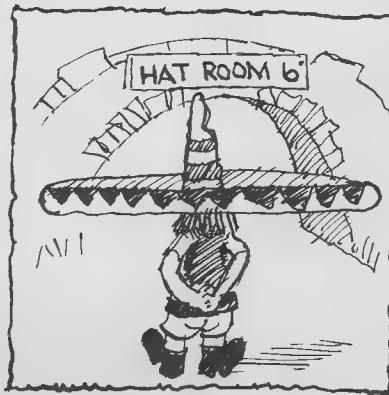
Every year, new blood floods into Reading in the guise of intellect, ie. students. This new, unassuming populace has to be educated in the customs and traditions of old. They are firstly taught the Rudiments of a unique Poppakappawhatsit Dance, which is performed by them three years later if they have passed their "Finals." In FIG 4 we see such a youth performing with all due chuffedness his version of the Mexican Prat Dance. Reading is justly proud of its Mexican ties. They can be bought everywhere!! Many a local will boast with obvious pride of the fine Aztec culture manifested in the Town Hall.



FIG. 4

SONIA SNELL

This is the story of Sonia Snell,
To whom an accident befell,
An accident which may well seem,
Embarrassing in the extreme.
It happens as it does to many,
That Sonia went to spend a penny,
She went therefore with proper grace
To the well-appointed place,
Provided by the railway station
Where Sonia sat in meditation.
Unfortunately, quite unaquainted,
The seat had been newly painted,
Which soon made Sonia realise
Her inability to rise.
Her screams and shouts quickly brought
A crowd of every shape and sort.
They stood about and laughed and
sniggered.
A porter said, "Well, I'll be jiggered."
The station master was most polite
He summoned a carpenter to put things
right
Who said, "I know what I can do,"
And neatly sawed the seat in two.
An ambulance came down the street
And carted Sonia off with seat.
They took the wooden-bustled gal
Off to the local hospital.
The surgeons all came on parade
To render Sonia immediate aid.
One of them said, "I implore,
Have you ever seen anything like this
before?"
"Yes," said a student quite unashamed,
"Many times, but never framed."



WE like the one about the Chinaman who ran into the newspaper office and shouted, "Hold the back page."



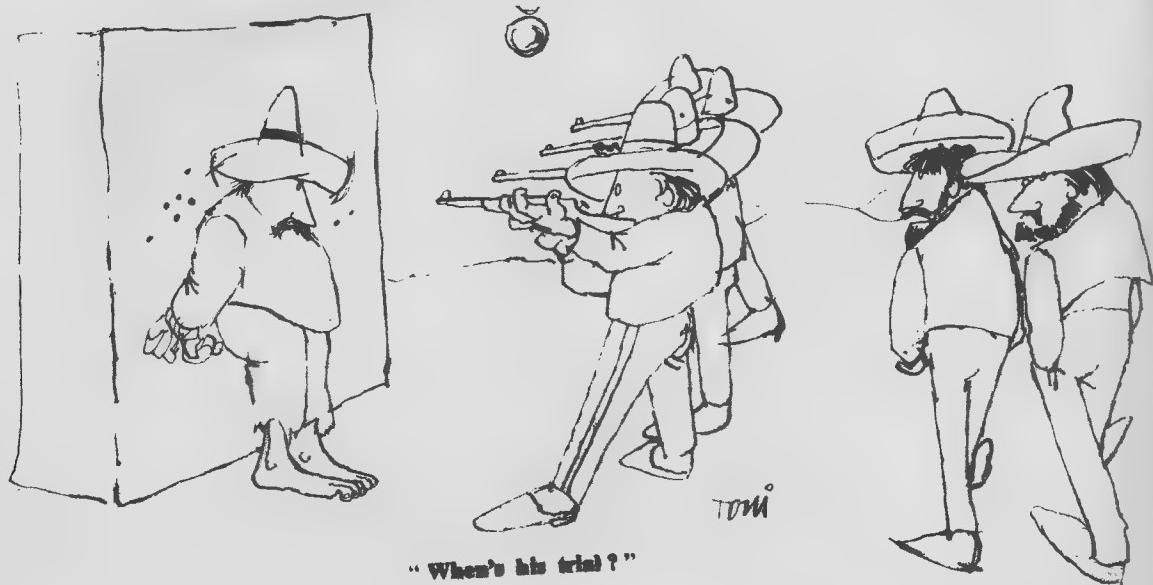
Did you hear about the man-eating tiger which died after the Roman Games? It forgot to use its after-slave lotion.

"Please Miss, have you got a rubber?"

"Borrow the little boy's behind!"



Heard about the Turkish bath attendant who made a fortune soaking the rich?



"When's his trial?"

Notice on a Mexican Excursion Train
All passengers for the bullfight must travel on a non-toreador train.

A Mexican guide was describing his country to a visiting English tourist.

"Our most popular sport is bull-fighting."

—"Oh! Isn't it revolting?"

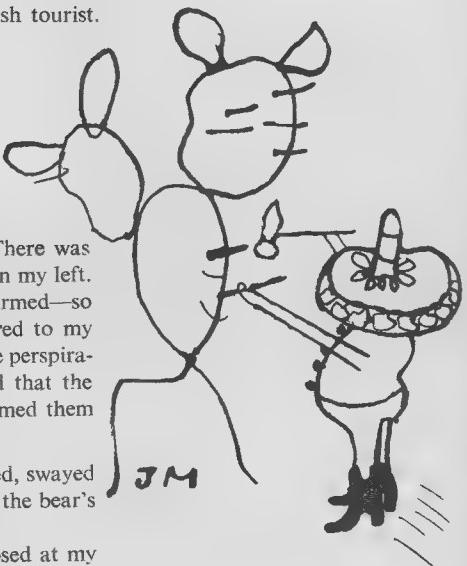
"Oh no, that's only our second most popular"

THE BARE FACTS

I was travelling in the Faarte Mountains along a path two feet wide. There was a drop of six thousand feet on my right and the rock face rose sheer on my left. Suddenly ten yards ahead I spied a huge grizzly bear, however I was armed—so I was not afraid. But as I raised my gun to my shoulder I discovered to my horror that I had no ammunition. As the bear lumbered towards me the perspiration broke out in beads on my head. Fortunately it was so icy-cold that the beads froze solidly. I hurriedly picked them off my forehead and rammed them into the breech and fired.

The bear fell but just as I was breathing a sigh of relief, the bear roused, swayed dizzily on the edge and moved towards me. I realized that the heat of the bear's brain had melted the ice pellets. I was petrified with fear.

Then, as the great furry arms stretched to enclose me the bear collapsed at my feet. . . . with water on the brain



Third Year to Fresher: "They call my girlfriend claustrophobia: she lives in constant fear of confinement."



It's easy to lie with a straight face, but
it's much nicer to lie with a curved body.

DE JOKE PAGE !

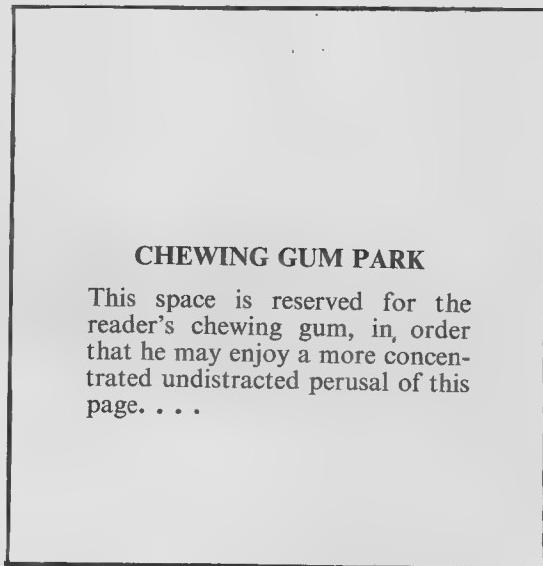
I was introduced to a wonderful little blonde at the swimming baths last Tuesday. Twice I took her out. She was awfully annoyed because she wanted to go on swimming,

The Magistrate looked at the man in the dock and said:
"Before I sentence you, what have you got to say?"
The man replied: "B. . . . all"
The Magistrate turned to the Clerk of the Court and said:
"What did he say?"
The Clerk replied: "B. . . . all"
"Oh!" said the Magistrate. "I thought he spoke."

The Three Ages of Love

- 20—30:—Tri Weekly
- 30—40:—Try Weekly
- 40—50:—Try Weakly

There was a pious young priest
Who lived almost wholly on yeast;
"For," he said, "it is plain
We must all RISE again,
And I want to get started at least."



This space is reserved for the reader's chewing gum, in order that he may enjoy a more concentrated undistracted perusal of this page. . . .

She was young and charming. She was in the mood for conquest. And so, though he was not accustomed to talking to strange women in the street, he went into the attack.

"Well?" he said. "Are you going anywhere in particular?"

"I was hoping," she replied affably, "to go to the pictures. But it doesn't look as though I shall.

And what about you? Are you going anywhere in particular?"

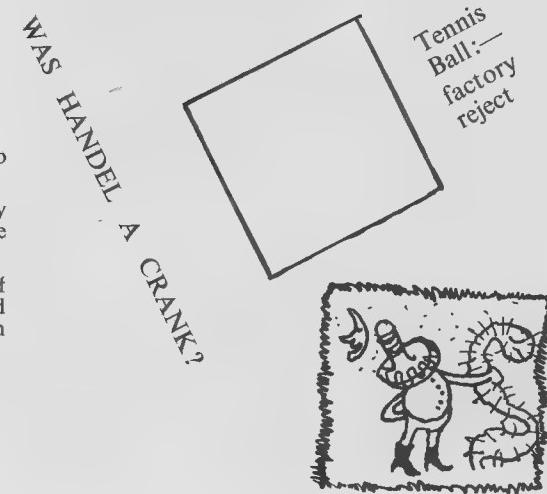
"Me? Oh no," he replied eagerly, "I've got nothing to do at all. In fact I'm available."

"Then come along to my place. When need and availability meet it would be a sin not to do anything about it. . . "She winked alluringly.

Enchanted, he accompanied her for a mile to a block of flats, his enthusiasm mounting as she led him by the hand upstairs. At the third floor she turned the key, threw open the door and shouted—

"Get your hat and coat on dear—I've found that baby-sitter"

"No, Jerry, I was caught that day when I was trying to make the circle match Dick.
Remember proposing to me at the bridge table?"



Nowt to do with Mexico but a heap of subtle laughs



Ernie

Hey! You're looking the wrong way!

HOW TO FILL A GARDEN AND LOSE FRIENDS

by
MORECAMBE & WISE



Eric

Don't worry about the greenfly, that overgrown apple tree, that undug, weedy and wandering onion patch. Let our green fingers—yes, they really are green, we're seeing the specialist tomorrow—do the work for you.

We come, not to bury your dog Caesar, but to dig your garden, and offer you this advice: Don't depend too much upon the thermometer when gardening. Remember, a thermometer is a short glass tube which is of no use at all in the garden!

There's only one thing wrong with learning to cultivate a garden—everything. But we work out our gardens according to plan. We plan everything, except our failures.

And in this earthmoving state of affairs has come about since we both recently moved into new homes. Now Morecambe lives in Harpenden and Wise in Peterborough and in our gardens we have branches everywhere. (Ooh!)

At first our gardens were a great worry to us. We even thought of hiring gardeners to do the work for us while we were out of town. But gardeners are not the sort of people to have about the house. In the garden, that's where they should be.

Our wives, both attractive, well-built gardeners with a natural flair for flower and clothing-allowance arrangements, did their best to encourage us to take an interest in the potting shed. They locked us there for weeks on end.

But we insisted, and still do, that gardening comes more naturally to the fair sex, than to men. And we think we can prove it.

Take for instance, the well-known case of Maud. Now how much coaxing did she take to come into the garden? And then girls with names like Marigold, Iris, Violet, Rose Daisy and, Ivy (we've heard she drives her husband up the wall) should feel very much at home in the garden.

But can you imagine having a beautiful flowering Ernie in your garden? Or a rambling Eric hanging over your wall? No, quite rightly, you cannot.

Yet argue as we might with Mrs. Morecambe and Mrs. Wise we are still unable to convince them of our complete incapability and we have been forced to take drastic action.

We brought into force a new way of losing friends much quicker than we will ever make them.

Every time we visited friends in another town when we were appearing away from home in shows at theatres all over the country, we made a point of asking for cuttings off the best plant in their gardens. It was a novel way of

collecting souvenirs of our visit, we told them.

And as soon as we got back home we planted the cuttings in our gardens. Our idea was to get anything to fill up the wide open spaces.

Now we have quite an array of plant life in our gardens, but an even more varied display of labels bearing such words as: "clipped from Christine's best bush, Manchester, May 1960," and "a rose from Rosie, Wigan, April 1961."

This method of garden-filling is to be recommended as long as you don't write and tell your visitors of your intentions before you make the trip. Otherwise they write back and tell you they'll be out when you call.

Like all gardeners we keep a diary—it's got nothing to do with gardening, but it makes very interesting reading—and plan what is going to go on in our garden a year in advance.

For instance, a casual glance at our entries for next May will reveal what our intentions are. Naturally, we keep this book hidden away—because our intentions are not always as tasteful as our rhubarb, and that tastes awful!

Starting our gardening year in Mid-May—no, we never go out of doors any earlier than this, only nutcases go hoeing when it's snowing—we make a quick bee-line for the garden shed.

There, underneath the flowerpots and jampots, we unearth a faded copy of that well-known gardening encyclopaedia "The Bramble Bush." This makes very informative and interesting reading for our first few mornings in the garden.

A word of warning here: if, during these mornings, you are troubled with greenfly, make sure you don't eat much lettuce.

By the end of May we have worked our way up to inspecting the annuals—The Beano, The Dandy, The Cor Wullie Book and the People's Friend Annual.

It's not until June that we dare set foot in to the garden. By now everything is pretty much a shambles and our wives, in desperation, have offered to help.

We take this offer gladly and by mid-June we tell them they cannot keep up with the strain of all that digging, we'll just have to send for professional garden diggers and other such experts. Professional raspberry mulchers are fascinating creatures.

July is our favourite month of the year in the garden—because we always go on holiday in July and leave it.

August is a particularly interesting month—if your birthday happens to be in August. Besides the lots of presents you should receive (if you don't, then change your friends) you will also be receiving bulb catalogues this month. Order and plant at once those bulbs intended for exhibition.



Two Dutch youngsters were being taken by their mother for their morning pram ride along the canal wall. Suddenly one of them leaned out and gave his mother a mighty shove. She toppled off the canal wall into the murky waters below. The chuckling culprit thereupon turned to his brother and said: "Look Hans, no Ma."

• • • • •

"You've certainly got to hand it to my boyfriend!"
"Why?"
"He's so shy."

Morecambe & Wise continued

We always adhere to this simple but telling rule of gardening. Last year, for instance, at the beginning of August we planted our first bulb and by Christmas we had the most charming little bedside lamp you could imagine.

September, Lawns can be made or reseeded this month—if you feel like the bother. We never do. Our rolled weeds look just as green as any lawn. And much more interesting.

Sow French beans to grow in large pots in the warm greenhouse and also tomatoes for early spring, in a heated greenhouse. If you haven't got a greenhouse practice your wedge shots all day, the golf balls won't break anything.

October is the month where every gardener knows his hours of sunshine and daylight are limited. Depressing thought, isn't it? We never dwell upon it!

November is the month for fog. And how can you possibly do the garden if you don't know whether you're in clover or an onion patch?

Without a doubt, the only bed to be in in November is the one upstairs.

December is Christmas month. Don't bother about the garden. Under all that snow it can take care of itself.

January in the garden is downright freezing.

February: Plan your garden lay-out, but don't lie out. It's still too blinking cold.

March: If you happen to venture into the garden this month do so with caution. Duck every few steps. March is a windy month and if you don't watch out you could be clonked on the head with anything from old leeks to seeding pumpkins. Without a doubt, this month is the most hazardous. Watch it, in the garden—from the lounge window if possible.

April: This is the month when we prepare our gum boots, shine up the shovels and, by generally making ourselves busy, convince our wives that by May we will be ready to make our annual plunge.

They very much look forward to that.

Gracias, amigos—Ed.

TWO PINTS
PLEASE

Are log tables made from trees with square roots?

A bachelor is a man who never Mrs. anybody.



"I kept mum" . . . Oedipus Rex



THE PRO(L)S VERSUS THE (H)'AMS

Jokes and cartoons for this page have been supplied both by professional and student contributors. We trust our esteemed reader will find something here to catch his fancy, either by the Prols or the Hams.

Did you hear about the judge who had no thumbs?—Justice Fingers.

Another of Santayanna's attacks had been a failure. The Alamo Fort still stood, although our hero Davy Crockett lay slumped against the ramparts, riddled with bullets. A crowd of anxious pioneers gathered round :

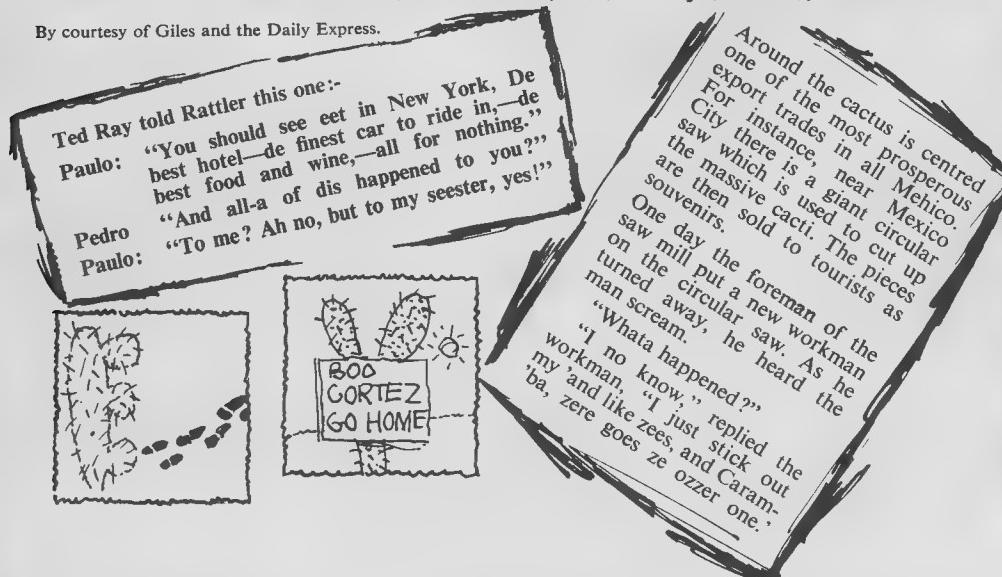
"Does it hurt much?" asked one.

"Only when I laugh!" replied Davy.

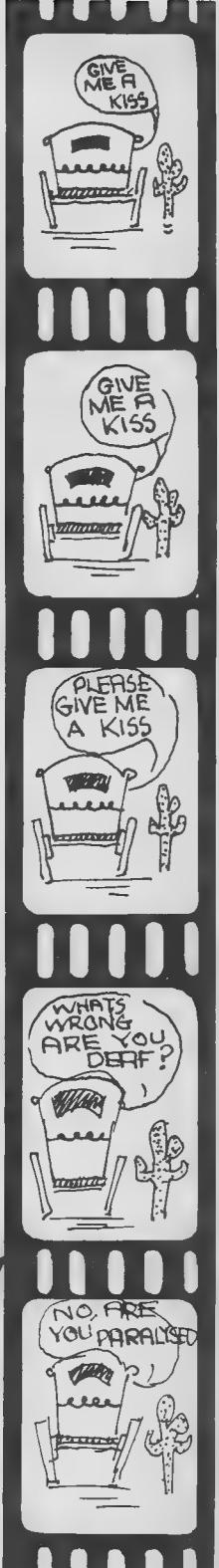


"They say they know they're not in the script—they're looking for John Wayne."

By courtesy of Giles and the Daily Express.



Around the cactus is centred one of the most prosperous export trades in all Mexico. For instance, a giant circular City there is used to cut up the massive sold to tourists as souvenirs. One day the foreman of the saw mill put a new workman on the circular saw. As he turned away, he heard the man scream. "Whata happened?" "I no know," replied the workman, "I just stick out my 'ba, zere goes ze ozzer one."

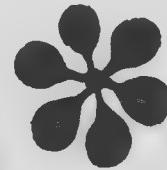
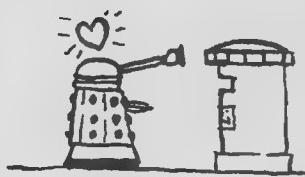


G R R G H - -



SUMMER SIZZLER

Lovely young actress Jill Curzon holds trophies for clay pigeon shooting. We bet she never ever got the bird! ! ! !



Meditating upon the Beauty of a chestnut, She swore never to play Conkers again.



One night a thief who'd had too much to drink broke into a large building and had a look round. What he liked most of all was a pickled onion to follow his night's drinking. It was with great delight that he found the place full of pickled onions. After that he returned every night and ate his fill. One night it occurred to him to find out the name of his welcome supply of pickled onions. He shone his torch on the sign outside. It read, "Royal Berkshire Eye Infirmary."



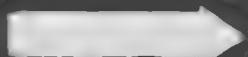
Have you heard about the First Year Student who trimmed the bottom of her nightgown with fur to keep her neck warm?

THE WINSOME LOSERS

Rita Sayers, last year's Rag Queen from Easthampstead Park College has unfortunately now left Reading. The editor regrets the exclusion of her photograph. But we can publish photographs of the two University finalists for the Rag Queen Competition, which were taken during the girls' summer sojourn on a rancho in the Sierra Madre.

Tina Surridge aged 20 from Guildford was placed second to Rita Sayers as Rag Queen. Tina is a Second Year Student of English and History.

Tina



RAG '64

The black lantern in the photograph was kindly supplied by W. Waynes and Co. (LTD). The cone lantern by Mr. David B. founder of Foxhill Road Studios.

Mary



Mary Currie aged 19 from Manchester won the other University entrant. Mary also in her Second Year, studies Sociology.



**"If it's cold today,
- IT MAY BE HOT TAMALES!"**

by

BOB MONKHOUSE



"VIVA MEXICO!" or more correctly, "MEHICO!"—

I'm something of an expert, having travelled through it once in a tahicab. And the peons are very relahed about seh. What I caught there definitely wasn't chicken poh.

Mexicans have hot blood. They keep it in bottles and sell it under the name of Tabasco Sauce. They also drink Tequila, a Latin-American cleaning fluid which forms the basis of a well-known local beverage called "That Lucky Old Sun." One drink and you roll around heaven all day.

At "fiestas," which are held in the open air or "al fiasco" as they say, the natives sing folk songs of ethnic origin, often without understanding them. For example, a frequent favourite is "Granada", although few of the poor creatures have ever seen a TV programme.

Mexican women hold roses between their teeth, which they put in a glass of water at night. When courting, Mexican girls protect their chastity by taking along a mature female companion to watch over the lovemaking. They call this companion a "chaperone." In this country we call her "a dirty old woman."

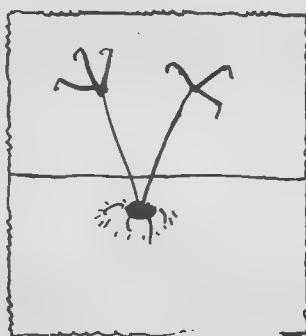
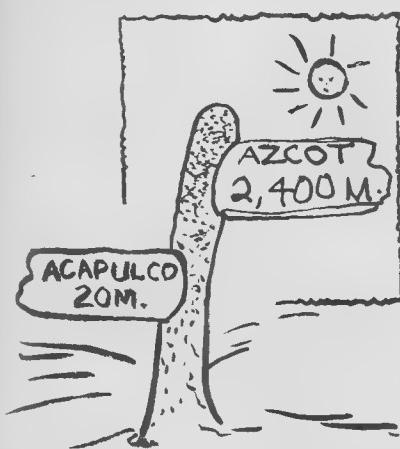
Mexican dances are many and various, from the romantic Tacos to the fiery Enchilada. Like the natives of Africa with their "Umbrella Dance" during which they dance round an umbrella and pray for rain, the Mexican have their "Mexican

Hat Dance" during which they dance round a hat. And pray for hair.

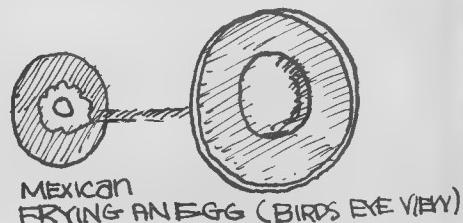
Principal industries of Mexico include castanet farming, siestas and overthrowing governments. Whatever Decca may claim, it was the Mexicans who first thought of having 45 revolutions per minute. Outstanding Mexican figures include Juarez, Zapata and Abbe Lane, the last name outstanding 39½ inches.

When Mexico is mentioned, many Americans answer bitterly: "Remember the Alamo!" referring to the poor receipts garnered by that film in Acapulco. The reason for this is that the U.S. and Mexican forces were engaged in a bloody battle at the Alamo. Trapped in the American fort were such legendary Western heroes as Jim Bowie, Dave Crockett and Gabby Hayes. Mexican General Santayanna surrounded the fort with 40,000 soldiers against only 40 besieged men but Davy Crockett wasn't scared. He looked over the battlements at those 40,000 Mexicans, turned to Jim Bowie and spoke the deathless phrase: "How fast can I become a naturalised Mexican citizen?"

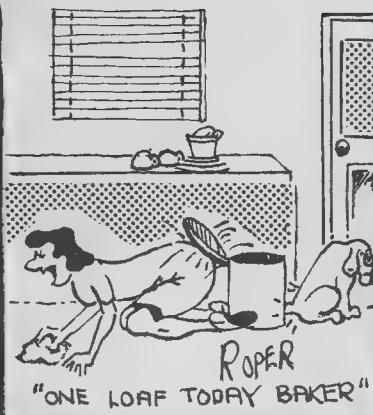
Muchas gracias, amigo.



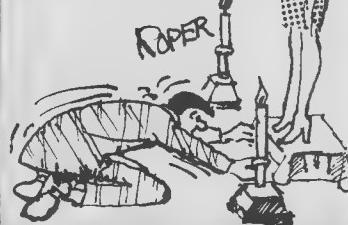
Early Bird who
caught strong worm



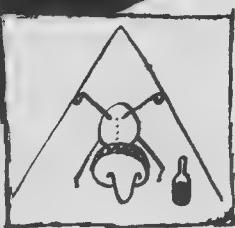
• . . . from the Rag Bag



"TSH HAROLD
I KNOW YOU
WORSHIP ME
BUT THIS IS
RIDICULOUS"



"THAT MOON PROBE IS CERTAINLY
SENDING BACK SOME CLOSE-UPS"



Lecturer: "I refuse to begin until the room settles down."
Student: "Go home and sleep it off."

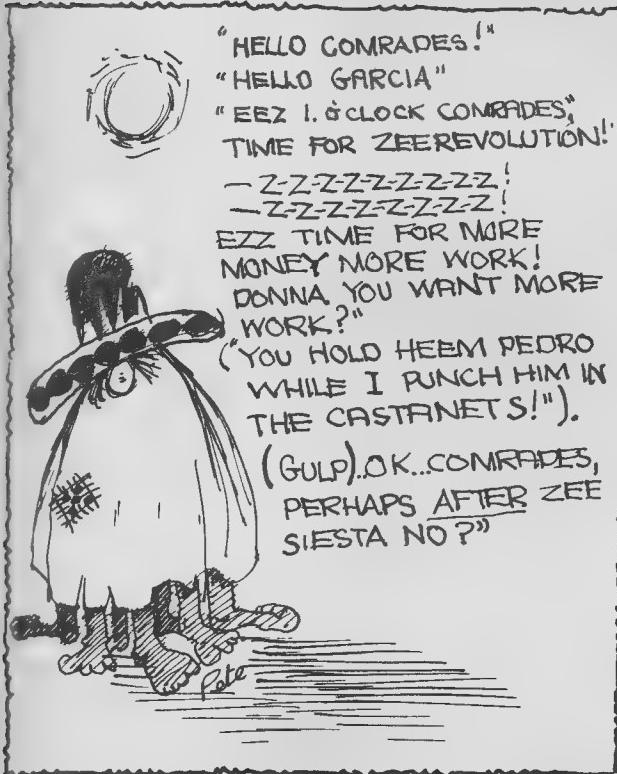
Definition of a miniature cocktail?
Drink one and in a miniature out.



It was a blistering hot day in the Mexican desert when the porcupine backed into a cactus and said: "Is that you Mom?"



Sid James told Rattler that the biggest Spanish joke he could think of is that the Spanish call bullfighting a sport—And what's more he's right !!!



Priscilla X, a Fresher from Wessex Hall returned to her sedate suburban home for Christmas, and hastened to see her father who was waiting at the station. He bundled her into the waiting Bentley,

"Daddy, there's something you'd better know right now, I ain't a good girl anymore,"

Daddy clapped one hand to his forehead and cried out:

"For twenty years your Mummy and I have made sacrifices so that you could go to a University and receive a fine education, and what happens? You come home after ten weeks,—and you are still saying ain't,"

A young widow married an 87 year old pensioner: now she really knows what it is to have old age creeping up on her.

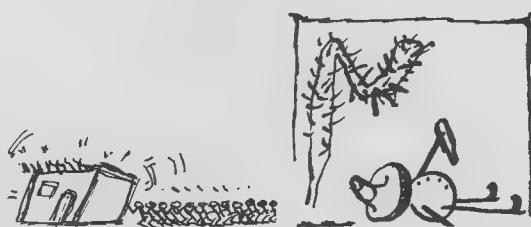
Sighed the bride on her wedding night: "Darling, I just can't believe we're actually married."

Said the groom grimly: "You will if I can get this damned shoelace undone."

A boy and girl went out for a drive one Autumn. The young man pulled into a gateway and wishing to make conversation said: "Winter draws on."

"That's none of your business." she replied.

A man is incomplete until he's married, then he's really finished.



The Memoirs

of

General Sir Garrulus Blaggardly-Lyer

also in this issue:-

Leper in my Lap

All Queer on the Western Front

(ghosted by "Rattler's" own Pete Mansfield)

Part 1: The Formative Years.

G was born at 6.0 in the afternoon, Saturday the 25th December, 1899. I was very young at the time, but my old nanny later told me that the first thing that I did was to burst out crying. . . . apparently the pubs did not open for another hour. In fact everyone was crying: my mother, nanny, sister Urina and elder brother Constantine. A telegram had just arrived. It was terse, very terse. It was so terse that it made us all tersty and we had a drink. It told us simply that, in the course of duty, my father, Colonel Sir Puking Blaggardly-Lyer had been killed by a fuzzy-wuzzy. . . a clear demonstration of the remarkable qualities that my father possessed,—since at the time of the killing he was with a barmaid in Halifax. Yes, I was to learn much from my father.

Fhus, despite the frantic efforts of my family, I came into the world just as my father was attempting to leave it. But my father did leave the world in a typically heroic fashion—struggling with a native. How well I remember my early days; the games mother loved to make us play. . . ."Chase-the-ball along-the-window-ledge" or "Toast-your-fingers-in-the-fire". I often think with nostalgia of the days when we buried Nanny in the sand at Dover. What a deep hole we dug! Or when mother playfully threw Constantine in the pool to teach him to swim. That was the year of the drought and the pool had dried up. Poor Constantine, never quite the same since. We also had a kindergarten, in which there grew several kinder-fruits.

J'll never forget how, one holiday, mother took me on her knee—she only had the one. As her crossed blue eyes sparkled with maternal affection and gin, she told me it was time I knew something which was very important in life. "Women?" I suggested. "Cards? horses? booze?" Each item drew a tear of affection as for an old friend, and sadly she shook her bald head. She led me to the book case and touched a concealed button. The bookcase swung out to reveal a magnificent display of set jewels. Alongside these lustrous gems lay a set of lustreless jemmies, though very well kept as burgalar's tools go.



Pointing to the jewels' mother explained, "They're all family heirlooms.—Thats the Ffytch-Psmythe family heirloom,—that's the Urglantor one and there's the Wettpanzer's. "It would have taken hours to go over them all.

Fhen she pointed to the other collection. "These," she said, "belonged to your father. I've kept them in working order since he. . . .passed away. Your father was always a simple man who loved the simpler things of life. He was never cut out to be a soldier. Killing was always an abhorrence to him. I knew that all the time he secretly yearned for something clean, something decent. . . to return to his first love. . . safecracking".

Jhe picked up a polished jemmy, clutched it to her bosom, saying; "I always promised your father that a son of his ("She has proof, then," I thought) would continue the great Blaggardly-Lyer tradition. Constantine is weak, but you. . . YOU are strong."

At this point, she could stand it no longer and held her nose with her fingers. (She had just the right number. . . two.) "I can't help it, mother," I pleaded, "I've been planting garlic!"

No, no, you dobe understand," she sobbed, "I've just clobbered myself on der dose with dis jemmy. But Garrulus, take this symbolic instrument and swear that you will never go straight, swear. . . ." and she dissolved in tears clutching her nose. I was suddenly so overcome, that in a loud voice I swore and swore again, for I'd dropped the jemmy on my foot.

Fhe next year I was sent to Eton. I couldn't stand it there. There were too many things to remind me of home; Russian roulette, satanist gatherings, the occasional lynching. Like my father before me I longed for the good life, the open fields, the open sky, the open bottle. After failing my exams I resolved to go out in to the world to make my fortune, to bring honour to the family name,—and to get away from mother.

Fhe day I left home is clear. Everyone was in tears. . . last, wept for joy. In her eyes I couldn't make a better start in life than stealing from my own folks, and of course the heirlooms were staying in the family. I was so happy to be free. I remember leaping

STOP PRESS . . .

"Hardupp Records Ltd. are pleased to announce that General Sir Garrulus Blaggardly-Lyer has agreed to record select readings of the above with his long-playing mouth. The first L.P. is to be called "From here to obscurity"! His brother Constantine will in addition include a beef extract from his poem "Ode to a Cow."

With his Jimmy for a walking stick
Mr. Smith, someone handed his

Continued

through the French windows. Nanny had been thoughtful enough to close them beforehand. One good turn deserves another, thought I so as I left the old place, I lit a cigarette and tossed the match over my shoulder into the tapestries.

I headed down the road to the Army Recruiting Office, turned right then left and straight into the "Flea and Cabbage." What a joy it was to be with one's friends and watch the false dawn come up. False dawn? that was our house burning a few miles away. At this moment something seemed to go from deep within me. Luckily the Gents was nearby.

Thinking of these carefree years familiar figures loom out of the alcoholic fog—I seem to hear again their tender words of advice: "Wipe yer nose, yer young bleeder!" "Ah happy times!"

What can I say of mother? Preferably nothing. Then there was nanny. How I loved to twine my baby fingers in her beard, while she crooned drunkenly to me. And Urina . . . poor little Urina who soon became big UGLY Urina. I could not know that men would soon be falling at her feet. . . . she had a wicked undercut. And finally I can see my elder brother Constantine, always busy about the household, doing little duties, like whittling mother's leg and pulling the cat out (usually with chloroform.) What then of my dear father, the libidinous old swine? In the over ripeness of time our paths were to cross.

These then are my childhood memories and all I can say is eeeeeccccchhhh !

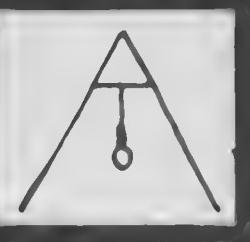
Editor: (Part two appears in the next edition of the Comparative Dictionary of Bantu Dialect—ref under section on Graffiti.)

HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE



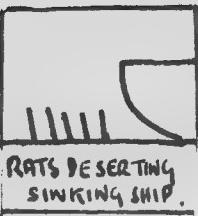
Curious Bettina LeBelli speaks six languages. I wish she would come and talk to me . . .

SOME SPACE FILLING VECTORS



"Darling," he said, "if I do you hold it against me?"

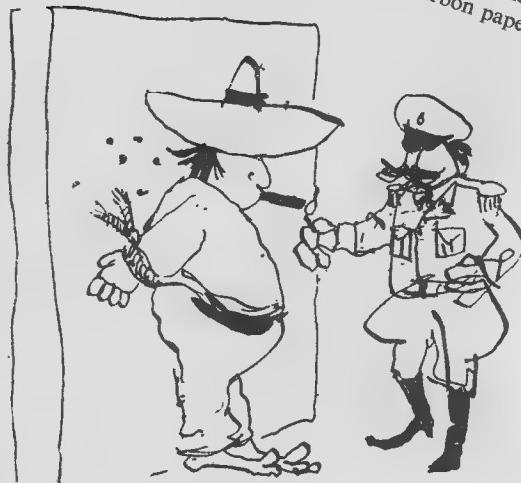
"You've got a nice figure, will



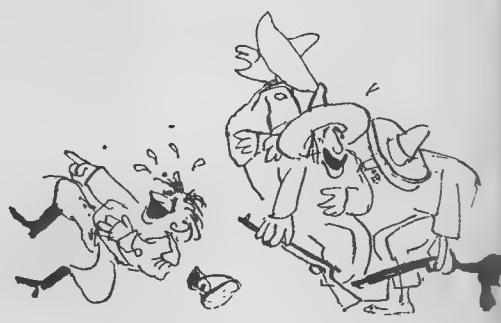
RATTLER PIN-UP WANTED

In an attempt to use his microscopic influence, Rattler's Business Manager persuaded his girl friend to try and have her photograph printed in "Rattler". The photograph, left unsigned (with due modesty) by the girl in question, attracted the following comments from the Rag Pin-up Panel.

- (a) "Why, she's got more chins than a Chinese telephone directory!"
 - (b) "With those pickle-prongs, she could eat a tomato through a tennis racket!"
 - (c) "Ugh!"
 - (d) "Sheesh! When they were handing out noses, she must have thought they said 'roses,' and asked for a big red one!"
 - (e) "Bring my stomach back!"
 - (f) "Did she ever work as a model in a Toby-Jug factory?"
- Unfortunately, the luckless maiden failed in her task.
(Applause)

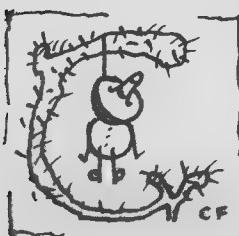


Toni



Pedro: Why ees them dawgs howling on ze prairie?
Carlos: Zere's no trees on ze prairie, jest cacti

—Vicar: Where are you taking that big bull, little Mary?"
—Mary: "To the cow, Vicar!"
—Vicar: "Can't your father do it?"
—Mary: "No Vicar, it has to be the bull."



Did you hear about the Mexican rancher who's got cattle so thin he brands them two at a time by using carbon paper?

A passenger aircraft was flying across the Atlantic in very turbulent weather, when two of the engines suddenly cut out. The plane was rapidly losing height. In order to make the plane lighter, the seats and loose fittings were thrown out. Still the plane was losing height, so the luggage was thrown out to:—but to no avail. Suddenly a Frenchman leaped to his feet, shouted, "Vive la France!", opened the door of the aircraft and jumped out. The plane still kept losing height. An Englishman got up, ran to the door, shouted "God Save the Queen!", and dove out. Even this made no difference to the plane losing height. Finally a big broad-shouldered Texan strode to the door, doffing his Stetson, he roared "Remember the Alamo!", and threw out two Mexicans.

It was a quiet country dinner-dance at a secluded inn. The young man was looking at a lovely lonely young woman, sitting by herself in the corner. Bucking up courage, he walked over to her and very quietly asked if she would like to dance. "What, in an hotel?" she shouted back at him. Obviously embarrassed at this, very nervously he asked again. "No, no. I only asked if you would care to dance."

"What in an hotel?" came the reply. By now everyone was watching and very humiliated the young man went back to the bar.

Before very long the young woman came up to the young man and apologised for embarrassing him, saying that she was a psychologist and that she studied people's reactions.

"WHAT, TWENTY FIVE QUID?" he roared back.

Amigos, I beed you welcome to ze

CORN SHOP

Friends, every Rag Magazine contains sets of jokes which have become nationwide crazes. Most of these crazes have now become extinct, but for those behind the times, READING RATTLER publishes a sample of what once brought mirth to the girth of the nation. This offer cannot be repeated!

P.S. Mature or cynical readers please turn over.

SICCC

"Mummy will I be able to see when you take the bandages off?"

"Of course, son."

"Mummy, when will you take them off?"

"Tomorrow, son"

"Mummy, have you taken them off?"

"Yes."

"But I can't see."

"April Fool."

"Daddy. Why are you putting Mummy under the car wheels?"

"Shut up. We've got to get out of this ditch somehow."



WEAKK DEFINISHUNS

The difference between a fat lady and a spinster? One is trying to diet, the other is dying to try it.

The definition of a naval party? One where they have a port in every girl.

PUTRIDITIES

(Chorus)—Oh no, not again ! ! ! !

Soloist—Mary had a little sheep

With which one night she went to sleep.

The sheep turned out to be a ram,

Now Mary has a little lamb.

For Sale:—2 single beds and one very worn carpet.



the Did You Hear Dept :

Did you hear about the hermit who was caught doing 80 m.p.h. in a built up area? He was fined for recluse driving.—Did you know too that the maternity frock was invented because the heir was too apparent?

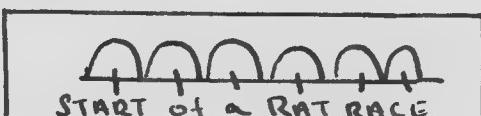
SUBTILITIES

" 'Enery, put the cat out"

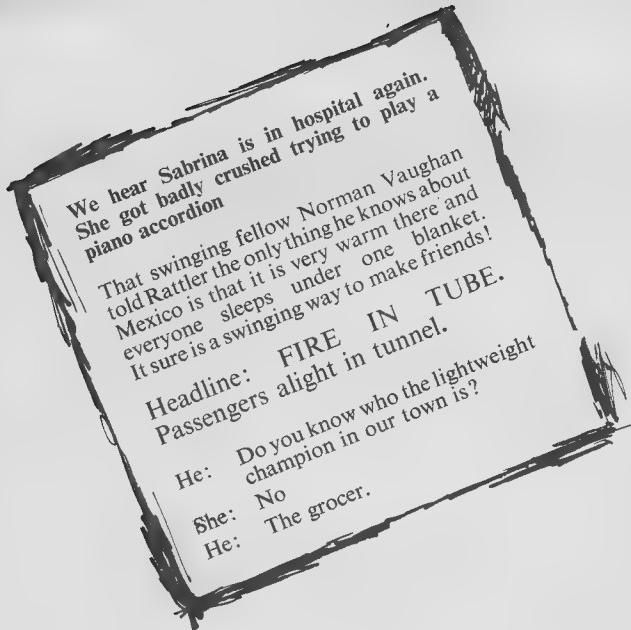
"Why Min?"

" 'Cos it's on fire."

DOODLES



Psst... you can tell we're nearing the end of the mag, eh?



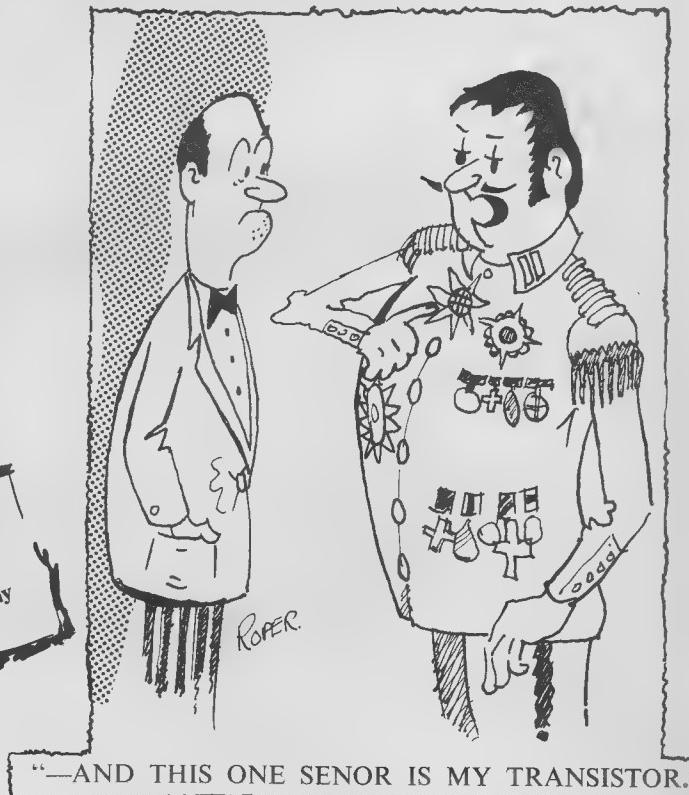
A young man in Paris was fished out of the river by the police after attempting to commit suicide. Instead of prison he was sent to an asylum, for the police had found him in Seine.

"NO BLINDFOLD—JUST EARPLUGS. I CAN'T STAND THE NOISE"

Tall Texan: "Why we sure are proud of one of our guys He plugged 23 Mexes in a recent fight"

Angry Bostonian: "So what! We have our heroes too. What about Paul Revere?"

Tall Texan: "Paul Revere? You mean that guy that had to ride for help?"





GRAND RAG COMPETITION



ENTRY FORM

Win a car of your own in this year's Rag Competition. Complete the attached entry form and send it, with a POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE FOR 1/-, made payable to Reading University Rags Committee, to:-

P. D. Chippindale,
Rag Competition Organiser,
Reading University
Berks.

Entries in a sealed envelope, must arrive not later than last post, Friday 26th Feb. 1965.

Additional entries on plain paper will be accepted providing each one carries the name and address of the entrant, and a postal order for 1/- is sent with each one.

Cut Round Here

1/- Ticket 1/-

In aid of Childrens Charities

READING RAG COMPETITION

1st. Prize MORRIS MINI-MINOR

TAXED & INSURED FOR ONE YEAR

PLUS FIFTY OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES

HOW MANY WORDS WILL THERE BE IN THE DAILY TELEGRAPH ON 27th FEBRUARY 1965?

Figure for last year

138,785

Feb. 27th, 1964

Your Estimated Figure

Feb. 27th, 1965

No tickets to be sold after mid-day 26th February 1965

The Prize Mini is supplied by G. Jarvis & Son Ltd., Christchurch Road, Reading. Insurance will be arranged by D. K. Chippindale & Co. (Insurance Brokers) Bilbrough, York.

Organiser (whose decision will be final) P. D. Chippindale, Whiteknights Hall, Reading University. Berks. Results will be announced in the local press on March 5th 1965.

Name

Address

ENTRY FORM



Here's Caron Gardner again! "Having a 38-24-36 figure is not enough these days," says Caron. "A girl has to be able to act if she wants to succeed." We're sure that one day Caron is going to be big, Big, BIG!

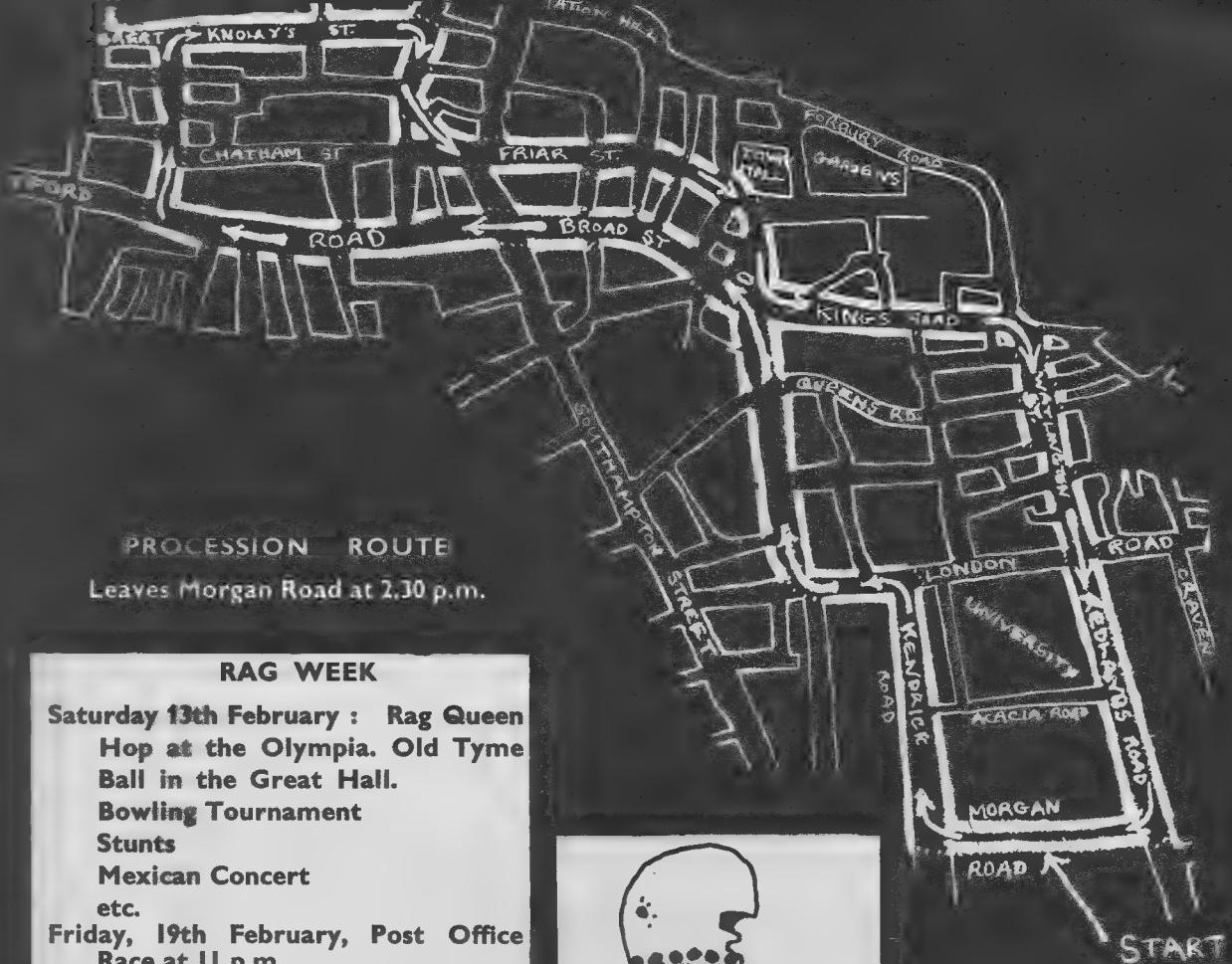
Oh, and darling—
don't forget the Head
of the River Race
on Saturday, March 13th!
at 3 p.m., will you?
it's organised by
R.U.B.C.

Mexican Guide: "Vot's zat you are smoking?"
Pernicious American Tourist: "Thats', uh, my
business." Mexican Guide: "I know. But 'ow do you dry eet?"
If you have a yen—go to China and spend it.
She was only the telegraphers' daughter, but she
didit, didit, didit.

A dead man arrived at the gates of Hell. After looking his name up in the registry of visitors due, the Guardian of the Gate invited him to inspect his new quarters. He explained that the man had a choice of three sorts of room, but whichever he chose, that would be his choice for ever. The man looked at the first room, where people were standing on their heads on grass. He rejected it. The second room contained people standing on their heads on concrete, so the man thought: "It'll have to be the third room—I'm not standing on my head for the rest of my life in hell!" So the devil led him to a third room where a lot of people were standing up to their waists in manure drinking cups of tea. The man thought a bit and then decided that for an eternal supply of hot tea, he could even stand the smell of manure. So he became a member of the third room. He'd just got himself installed and was drinking his first cup of tea, when a little devil appeared and shouted. "Tea break over. Back on your heads!"

After that she'd ordered the sixth volume of an Encyclopedia—An advertisement for a book entitled "How to Huge". She was crystallized to discover a frustrated woman saw the answer to her ignorance—An advertisement





RAG WEEK

Saturday 13th February : Rag Queen Hop at the Olympia. Old Tyme Ball in the Great Hall.

Bowling Tournament

Stunts

Mexican Concert

etc.

Friday, 19th February, Post Office Race at 11 p.m.

The Rag Saloon will be open all week.

RAG DAY

6.30 a.m. Road Blocks set up for the sale of Rattlers.

A busy morning of stunts to sell Rattlers and Competition Tickets.

2.30 p.m. The Rag Procession leaves Morgan Road - Bands, Floats, Collecting Stunts

7.30 p.m. Rag Ball at the Olympia. Dance at the Great Hall.



K'BONG
was born in San Miguel De Allende at an early age. Snatched from his cradle beneath an Aztec Canteloupe by Bandellions he pursued a life of crime and violence until ran over early this year by the rag van on safari in the Lexington Slough area. Witness the lye marks on his tatty habit. Since then he has been a changed K'Bong, totin' his gun for rag purposes only. His ambition is to write the complete works of William Shakespeare.

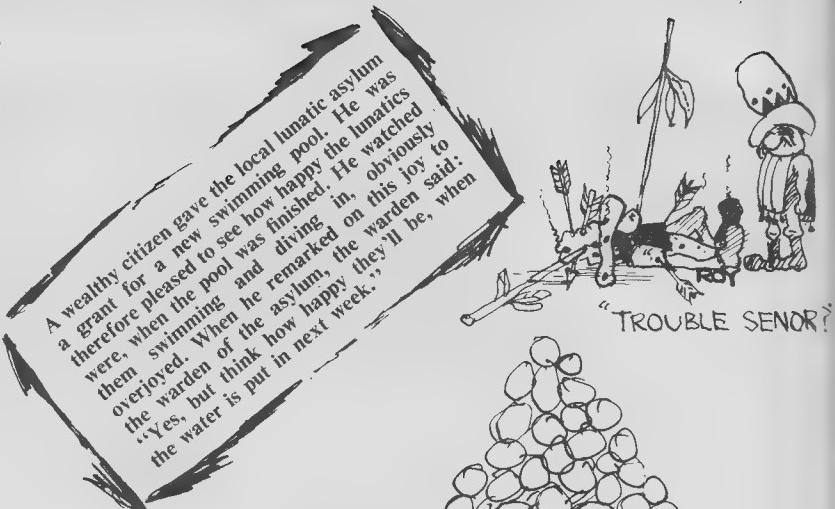
RAG DAY FEBRUARY 20th 1965

This may be a mind-dater
unless of the braille!



During the war, when sugar was rationed, Mr. and Mrs. Jones were having tea with friends. When the host and hostess were out of the room, Mrs. Jones hurriedly grabbed a handful of sugar lumps and stuffed them down the front of her dress.

Soon after arriving home, the vicar paid a visit on the Joneses. "Would you like a cup of tea, vicar?" asked Mrs. Jones. The vicar's reply was in the affirmative, and so Mrs. Jones made a pot of tea. "Sugar, vicar?" she asked. "Yes please," replied the vicar. "Two lumps." At this, Mrs. Jones put her hand down her dress and picked out two lumps. The vicar was somewhat astounded. "Milk vicar?" she asked. The vicar had fainted.

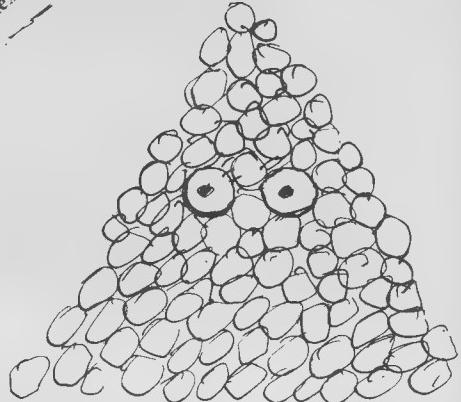


A gorgeous shapely blond came into the psychiatrist's consulting rooms, he immediately pursued her around the desk, caught her, threw her down on the couch and proceeded to make violent love to her. Eventually he said: "That solves my problems. Now, what about yours?"

BOOK CHOICE

This week's review of "The Inexperienced Lion Tamer" by Claude R. Soule relives many exciting moments in the life of the Author. I will permit myself to quote just one example of the author's fine dramatic style.

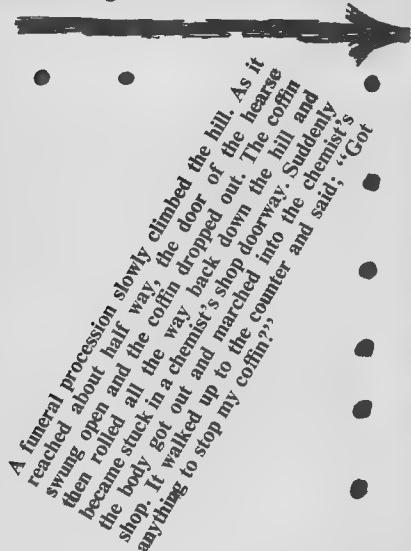
.... "My wife had gone to feed Simba. I heard a scream and rushed to the scene. It was ghastly! That huge cavernous mouth with the rows of sharp teeth; those great hairy arms with the pointed claws; those wild fiery eyes, with that tangled stinking hair hanging down over the face . . . the lion looked pretty horrible too."



**STRIP-TEASE DANCER
hiding in a pile of
GRAPEFRUIT**



Strictly for the Mums



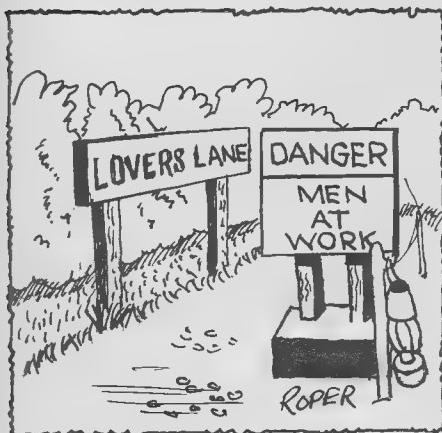
A funeral procession slowly climbed the hill. As it reached about half way, the door of the hearse swung open and the coffin dropped out. The hearse then rolled all the way back down the hill and became stuck in a chemist's shop doorway. Suddenly the body got out and marched into the chemist's shop. It walked up to the counter and the chemist said; "Got anything to stop my coffin?"

Warden: What's the big idea of bringing a girl into hall at 2 a.m.
Student: It started to rain.

PHEW ! ! !

the Vestry Notices.

1. Parishioners are reminded that the box in the vestry marked "For the Sick" is for money contributions only."
2. The new couplings attached to the organ enable the organist to change his combinations without taking his feet off the floor.



"I'm developing an attachment for you;
it fits right over your mouth!"

A Rag Mag should cater for everybody. We thought the Mums deserved a pin-up for themselves. Popular TV interviewer FYFE ROBERTSON an ex-Glasgow University student, is caught by the cameras in a gentle mood.

A hare fell in love with a fairy whom he passed every morning as he ran through the wood, but he knew he could not marry her, because the fairy queen said she would change anyone who "tampered" with her fairies into a goon. But the hare's heart ached for this little fairy, until, unable to bear it any longer, he kissed her. The fairy queen immediately turned him into a goon, but as the hare philosophically remarked, "Oh well, hare today and goon tomorrow!"

The Duchess of M. was lying half asleep on her sofa when James, the butler came in. "Sit down on the sofa!" she commanded and James reclined.

—"James," — "Yes, Milady?"
—"Take off my blouse!"
—"Yes, Milady."
—"James, take off my skirt!"
—"Yes, Milady!"
"Oh and James, if I catch you wearing them again, you'll be dismissed."

SCIENTIST'S CORNER

presenting

(and how!!)

an essay in irritation by Mike "Mambo" Penny.

WARNING, only mugs read on ! ! !

Once upon a time, in the hottest part of Mehico, in the middle of the desert, lived an old Welsh miner, Dai Hard, and his son Ianto. Ianto's burning ambition was to go to a swimming pool, but his aged father had refused him permission, knowing what a shattering experience ducking would be to an as yet untried youth. Dai was also fully convinced that it was unhygienic,—the swimming pool that is.

Alas, one brutally hot, breezeless morning in early June Ianto's father slid quietly from this world. After the "celebrations" Ianto, who had lost his left leg in the October Revolution, decided to leave for London to visit the finest baths in the country (British is best), so that at long last he could be in the swim. The pool contained 175,000 gallons of water and could be filled at the rate of 200.1 cubic feet of water per minute and could be emptied at a rate of 193.1 cu ft per minute. The journey from the hottest part of Mehico to the British pool took Ianto the same time as it would to fill the pool 531 times and empty it 698 times.

Unfortunately, the authorities at the pool of London would not let Ianto enter. He was much grieved by this and also by the fact that somewhere along the journey he had lost the little finger on his left hand. So our intrepid Welshman decided to head for America (Like America is the greatest!) The New York Pool which he visited, contained 2.19 times as much water as the London Pool (Americans always have the biggest of everything.) The pool could be filled at a rate of 302.6 cu.ft./minute, and moreover could be emptied 1.53 times faster than the one in London (America always goes down the drain the fastest.) The journey from the London Pool to the New York Pool took Ianto the same time as it would to fill the American Pool 13 times and empty it 6 times. By the time Ianto had reached New York, he had lost the whole of his left hand as well as his left foot. This wasn't his only grievance as he was refused admission to the New York Pool.

Finally Ianto decided to try the Pool in Leningrad (since the Russians are always one up on the Americans who are the greatest but British is best). The Russian Pool contained 3.19 times as much water as the British Pool and could be filled at the rate of 303.6 cu. ft./minute. The journey from the New York Pool to the Moscow Pool took Ianto the same time as it would to fill the Moscow Pool 23 times, the New York Pool 48 times; the London Pool 50 times. The caviar-consuming Russians did not permit lava-bread eating Welshman into their swimming baths because of the smell of his breath. Ianto thought of getting a helmet to wear so that he would be allowed to enter the Pool, he was never allowed in as the Russians wouldn't give him a vizor. To add to his troubles Ianto had by this time somehow lost his left ear.

By this time Ianto was ruddigrad to leave Leningrad, and his journey back to his own little "adobe hacienda" took 38 days plus the time it takes for a normal husband to put up the new shelves for the kitchen. He reached his hut at 2.33a.m. on St David's Day with the loss of the whole of his left arm,—no doubt scorched off by the flaming breath of a fellow Welsh alcoholic.

Given the above data (plus the facts that 1 gallon of water is equivalent to 0.1605 cu. ft.,—and that St David's Day is March 1st,—and assuming that K=the deposed Russian leader and X=a Horror film) it is possible to work out how long Ianto was away from Mehico. And how long his beard was when he returned. However, the moral of the story is to show that it is a fact that you just won't be let into the finest swimming-pools in the world, if you've got leprosy.

P.S. If anyone has understood the above, your I.Q. is equal to that of a fully matured British Railway's Pork Pie.

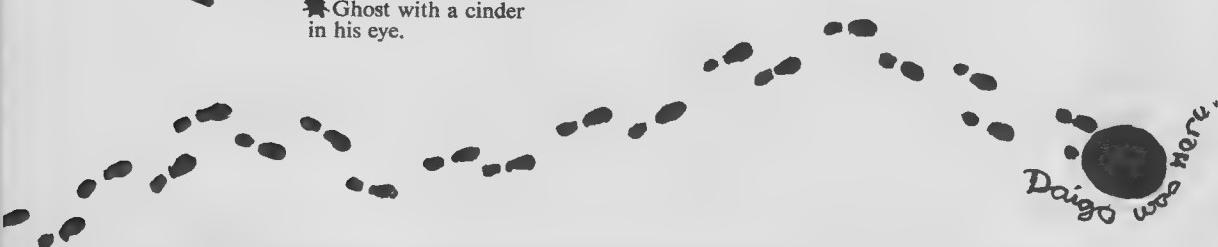
P.P.S. If your maracas need adjusting, I do it free of charge.

INZANITY

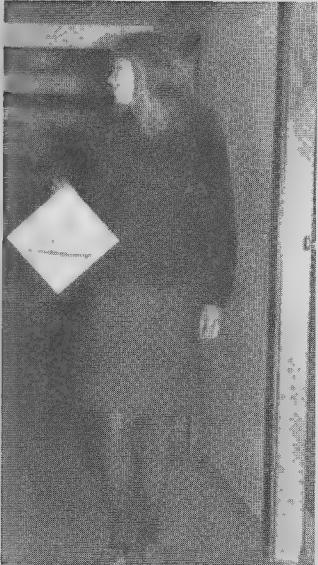
There was a queer gaucho named Bruno
Who said, "Love is all that I do know,
A tall girl is fine;
A short one's divine.
But a llama is Numero Uno.

You've written a sonnet, said Chloe
On my bosom so rounded and snowy
You have written some verse on
Each part of my person,
Now, why not rub it off, bo-y!

* Ghost with a cinder
in his eye.



Robinson Crusoe really liked to relax at the weekends. He was such a conscientious person that he used to have all his work done by Friday.



.... She's got it

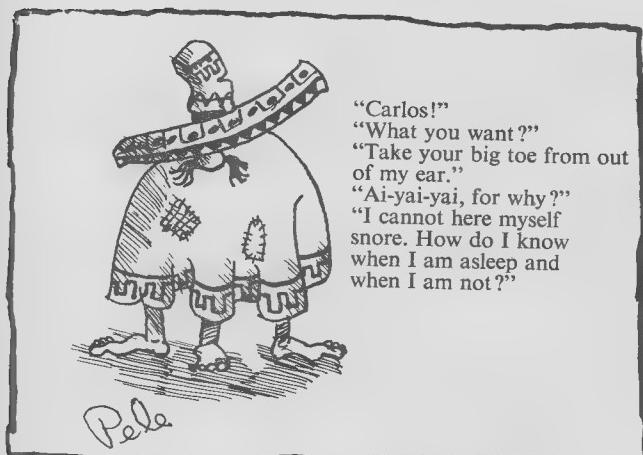


.... He sees it

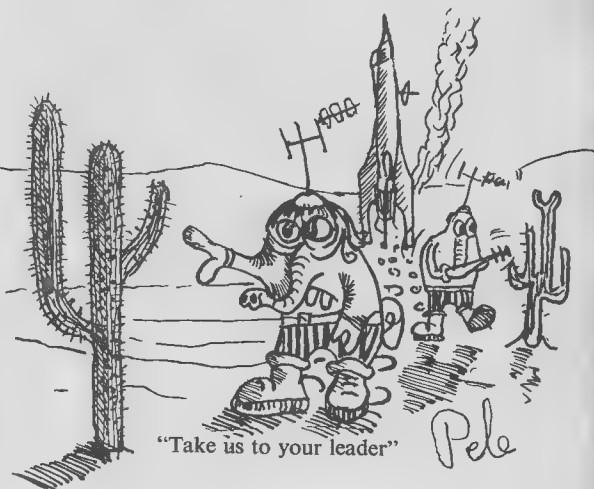


.... She's lost it

A young beautiful girl, lost, unable to sleep on the syroconcrete steps and loggings. Eventually she fell asleep early next morning to a heavy dew on her. She awoke and alone was unable to tell the story. Eventually she fell asleep on the steps and loggings. Said the blonde, "What's that notch on your bed?" "That's my affair! Just as I thought."



"Carlos!"
"What you want?"
"Take your big toe from out of my ear."
"Ai-yai-yai, for why?"
"I cannot here myself snore. How do I know when I am asleep and when I am not?"



"Take us to your leader"

Said the irate husband:- "The next time I have an argument with my wife, I'm going straight out of the house and throw myself under the first passing blonde."

Pancho was a stupid Mexican farmer. He even put his horse in the cart.

RAG'S COMMITTEE '65



(Rag Committee in a constructive mood)

Rag Saloon Sub-Committee:

Anne Wolf
Marilyn Drew
Hilary Crawford
Diana Davis

and Hall Reps:

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Roger Adkins.
St. David's: Elissa Black, Margareta Schwarz
St. Andrew's: Gwyneth Trefor Jones, Cesky Hodge.
St. George's: Jenifer Dudgeon, Brenda Smith.
Wessex: Daphne Alderson, Elizabeth Wilkinson.
Mansfield: Davina Walker, Heather Wood.
Wantage: Dave Darts, Andy Mawson, Howard Gill.
Whiteknight's: Denis Rees, Bob Tindle, Rod Witheringde.
Windsor: Dave Baillie.
E.P.C.: Margaret Howe, Janet Smith.
Bulmershe: Mary Bradbury, Hazel Brown, Clive Smith.
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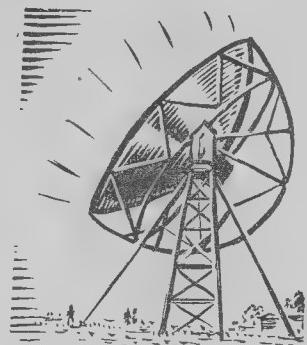
LIST OF CHARITIES FOR SUPPORT ON RAG DAY 1965

1. The Star Centre for Children.
2. The Reading and District Branch of the British Polio Fellowship.
3. The Save the Children Fund (Reading Branch).
4. The Reading and District Marriage Guidance Council.
5. 'TreeTops' Child Guidance Hostel.
6. Mockbeggar Child Guidance Hostel.
7. The Multiple Sclerosis Society (Reading and District Branch).
8. The Arthritis and Rheumatism Council.
9. The Royal National Institute for the Blind—Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies.
10. The Reading Region of the National Deaf Children's Society.
11. The Hospital Management Committee.
12. International Help for Children.
13. The National Children's Home.
14. OXFAM.
15. Reading and Berkshire Council of Social Service.
16. Christian Aid.
17. Dr. Barnardo's Homes.
18. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.
19. The Muscular Dystrophy Group.
20. The Mary Hare Grammar School for the Deaf.
21. The Invalid Children's Aid Association.
22. The British Leprosy Relief Association.
23. The Hephaistos School.
24. The Ockenden Venture.
25. The Reading and Bradford Moral Welfare Association.
26. The World University Service.
27. The Reading Society for Mentally Handicapped Children.

Hacienda de Rag Mag — adios amigos ! !

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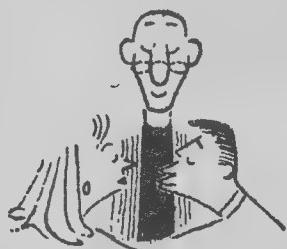
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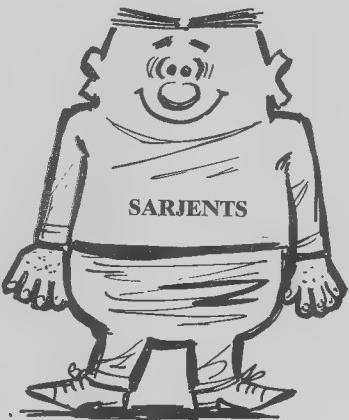
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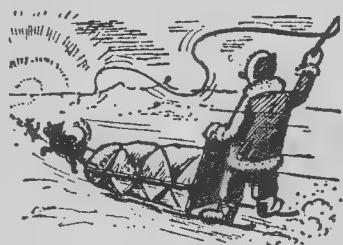
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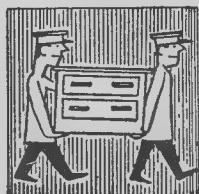
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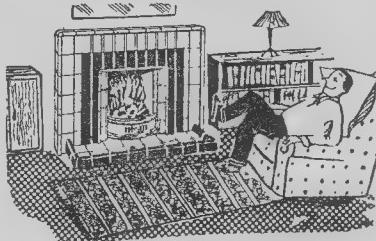


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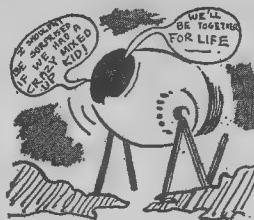
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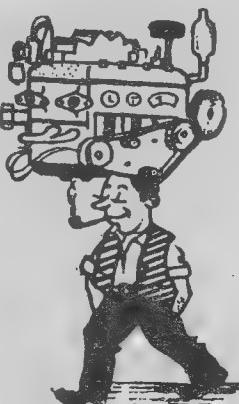
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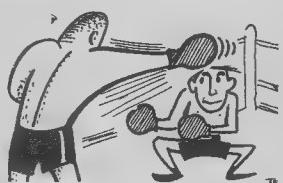
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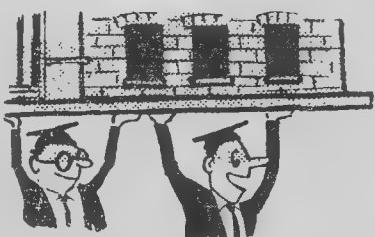
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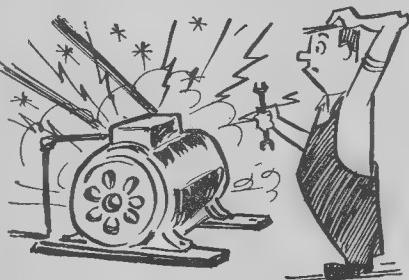
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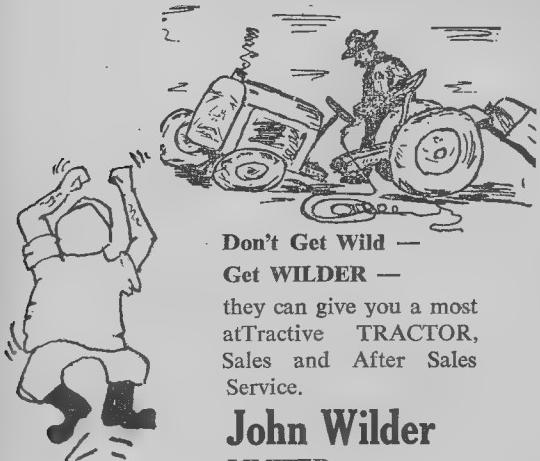
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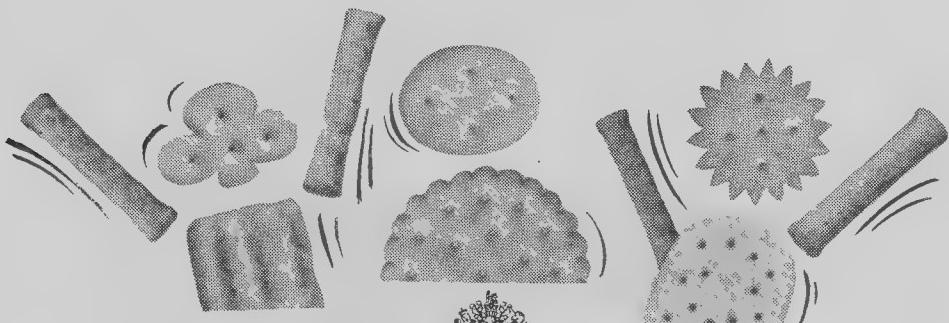
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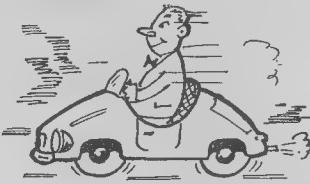
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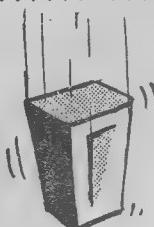
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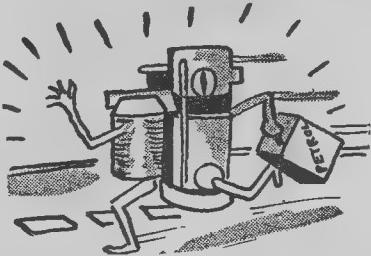
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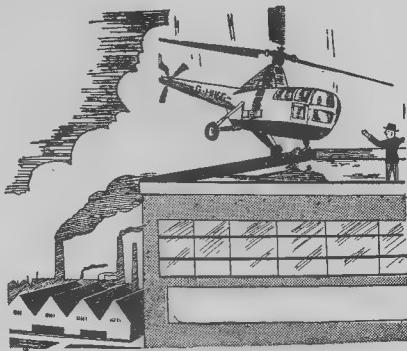
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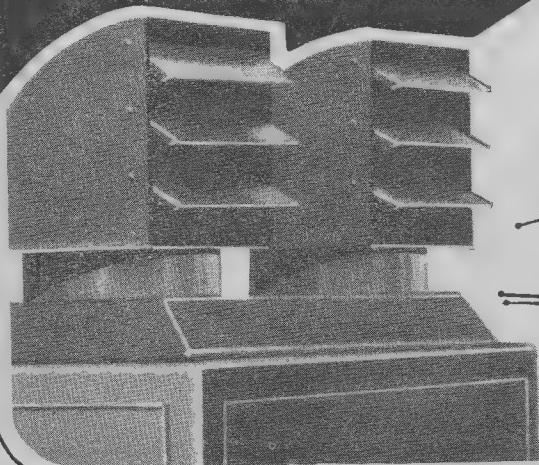
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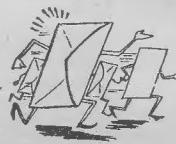


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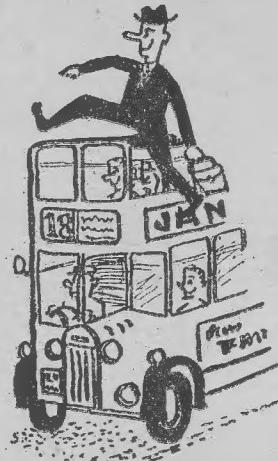
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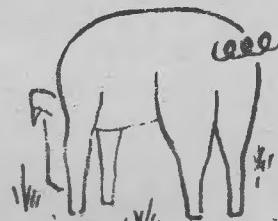
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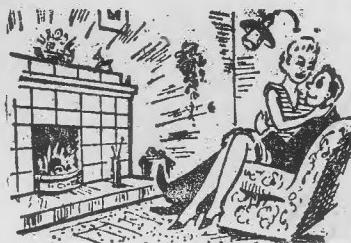
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